

THE
THEATRE:
OR,
SELECT WORKS
OF THE
British Dramatic Poets.

IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

To which are prefixed,
The LIVES of these celebrated WRITERS,
AND
STRICTURES on Most of the PLAYS.

VOLUME the SIXTH.

CONTAINING
ROMEO and JULIET. A TRAGEDY.
ORONOKO. A TRAGEDY.
THE RECRUITING OFFICER. A COMEDY.
E CONSCIOUS LOVERS. A COMEDY.

EDINBURGH:

Printed by MARTIN & WOTHERSPOON,

M. DCC. LXVIII.



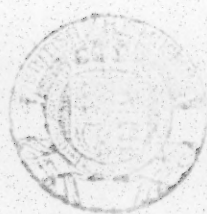
R O M E O
A N D
J U L I E T.

A
T R A G E D Y.

B Y
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

EDINBURGH:
Printed by and for MARTIN & WOTHERSPOON;

M. DCC. LXVIII.



P R O L O G U E.

*TWO households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, (where we lay our scene),
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny;
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes,
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose mis-adventur'd piteous overthrows
Do, with their death, bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage:
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.*

Dramatis Personæ.

ESCALUS, prince of Verona.

PARIS, kinsman to the Prince, and in love with Juliet.

MONTAGUE, }
CAPULET, } two lords, enemies to each other.

ROMEO, son to Montague.

MERCUTIO, kinsman to the Prince, and friend to Romeo.

BENVOLIO, kinsman and friend to Romeo.

TYBALT, kinsman to Capulet.

Friar LAWRENCE.

Friar JOHN.

BALTHASAR, servant to Romeo.

PAGE to Paris.

SAMPSON, }
GREGORY, } servants to Capulet.

ABRAM, servant to Montague.

APOTHECARY.

SIMON CATLING,

HUGH REBECK, }
SAMUEL SOUNDBOARD, } three musicians.

PETER, servant to the Nurse.

Lady MONTAGUE, wife to Montague.

Lady CAPULET, wife to Capulet.

JULIET, daughter to Capulet, in love with Romeo.

NURSE to Juliet.

CHORUS.

Citizens of Verona; several men and women relations to
Capulet; Maskers, Guards, Watch, and other Attendants.

*The SCENE, in the beginning of the fifth Act, is in Mantua;
during all the rest of the play, in and near Verona.*



ROMEO and JULIET.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Street in Verona.

Enter SAMSON and GREGORY, (with swords and bucklers), two servants of the Capulets.

SAMPSON.

GREGORY, on my word, we'll not carry coals.

Greg. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an' we be in choler we'll draw.

Greg. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the collar.

Sam. I strike quickly, being mov'd.

Greg. But thou art not quickly mov'd to strike.

Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

Greg. To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to stand; therefore, if thou art mov'd, thou run'st away.

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand. I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Greg. That shews thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sam. True, and therefore women, being the weakest, are ever thrust to the wall:—therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

Greg. The quarrel is between our masters, and us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will shew myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids, and cut off their heads.

Greg. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or the maidenheads, take it in what sense thou wilt.

Greg. They must take it in sense, that feel it.

Sam. Me they shall feel, while I am able to stand: and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Greg. 'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John. Draw thy tool, here comes of the house of the Montagues.

Enter ABRAM and BALTHASAR.

Sam. My naked weapon is out: quarrel; I will back thee.

Greg. How, turn thy back and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Greg. No, marry: I fear thee!——

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides, let them begin.

Greg. I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them, which is a disgrace to them if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, Sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?

Sam. Is the law on our side if I say ay?

Greg. No.

Sam. No, Sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, Sir: but I bite my thumb, Sir.

Greg. Do you quarrel, Sir?

Abr. Quarrel, Sir? no, Sir.

Sam. If you do, Sir, I am for you; I serve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, Sir.



Enter BENVOLIO.

Greg. Say better. Here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better, Sir.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. *[They fight.]*

Ben. Part, fools, put up your swords, you know not what you do.

Enter TYBALT.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword, Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What! drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word

As I hate hell, all Montagues and thee.

Have at thee, coward.

Enter three or four CITIZENS *with clubs.*

Cit. Clubs, bills, and partizans! strike! beat them down!

Down with the Capulets, down with the Montagues!

Enter old CAPULET *in his gown, and* Lady CAPULET.

Cap. What noise is this? give me my long sword, ho!

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch. Why call you for a sword?

Cap. My sword, I say: old Montague is come, And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter old MONTAGUE, *and* Lady MONTAGUE.

Mon. Thou villain, Capulet.——Hold me not, let me go.

La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a foe.

Enter PRINCE, *with Attendants.*

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel——

Will they not hear? what ho! you men, you beasts,
 That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
 With purple fountains issuing from your veins;
 On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
 Throw your mis-temper'd weapons to the ground,
 And hear the sentence of your moved Prince.
 Three civil broils, bred of an airy word,
 By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
 Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,
 And made Verona's ancient citizens
 Cast by their grave, befitting ornaments,
 To wield old partizans, in hands as old,
 Cankred with peace, to part your cankered hate :
 If ever you disturb our streets again,
 Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
 For this time all the rest depart away.
 You, Capulet, shall go along with me ;
 And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
 To know our further pleasure in this case,
 To old Free-town, our common judgment place :
 Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt Prince and Capulet, &c.*]

S C E N E II.

La. Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?
 Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,
 And yours, close fighting, ere I did approach.
 I drew to part them : in the instant came
 The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd,
 Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
 He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
 Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn.
 While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
 Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
 'Till the Prince came, who parted either part.

La. Mon. O where is Romeo! saw you him to-day?
 Right glad am I he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worship'd Sun

Peer'd through the golden window of the East,
A troubled mind drew me to walk abroad;
Where underneath the grove of sycamore,
That westward rooteth from the city side,
So early walking did I see your son.
Tow'rs him I made; but he was 'ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood.
I, measuring his affections by my own,
That most are busied when they're most alone,
Pursu'd my humour, not pursuing him;
And gladly shun'd, who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning bath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs;
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should, in the furthest east, begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself,
Shuts up his windows, locks fair day-light out,
And makes himself an artificial night.
Black and portentous must his humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn it of him.

Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means?

Mon. Both by myself, and many other friends;
But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself. I will not say how true,
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure as know.

Enter ROMEO.

Ben. See where he comes. So please you step aside;
I'll know his grievance, or be much deny'd.

Mon. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay
To hear true shrift. Come, Madam, let's away.

[*Exeunt.*]

Ben. Good-morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ah me, sad hours seem long!—

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

Rom. Not having that which, having, makes them
short.

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out——

Ben. Of love?

Rom. Out of her favour where I am in love.

Ben. Alas, that Love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

Rom. Alas, that Love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see path-ways to his will!

Where shall we dine!—O me!—What fray was here!
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.

Here's much ado with hate, but more with love.

[*Striking his breast.*]

Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!

Oh, any thing of nothing first create!

O heavy lightness! serious vanity!

Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms!

Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!

Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!

This love feel I, that feel no love in this.

Doth thou not laugh?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what!

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Rom. Why, such is love's transgression.——

Griefs of mine own ly heavy in my breast,

Which thou wilt propagate, to have them press'd

With more of thine; this love that thou hast shown,

Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.

Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs ;
 Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes ;
 Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears ;
 What is it else ? a madness most discreet,
 A choaking gall, and a preserving sweet.
 Farewell, my cousin.

[Going.]

Ben. Soft, I'll go along :

And if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut, I have lost myself, I am not here ;
 This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

Ben. Tell me, in sadness, who she is you love.

Rom. What, shall I groan and tell thee ?

Ben. Groan ! why, no ; but sadly tell me who.

Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will ?—
 O word, ill urg'd to one that is so ill !

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aim'd so near when I suppos'd you lov'd.

Rom. A right good marksman :—and she's fair I
 love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

Rom. But in that hit you miss ; she'll not be hit
 With Cupid's arrow ; she hath Dian's wit ;
 And in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
 From Love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd :
 She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
 Nor 'bide th' encounter of assailing eyes,
 Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold.
 O, she is rich in beauty ; only poor,
 That when she dies, with Beauty dies her store.

Ben. Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste ?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste.
 For beauty, starv'd with her severity,
 Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
 She is too fair, too wise, too wisely fair,
 To merit bliss by making me despair ;
 She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow
 Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

Rom. O teach me how I should forget to think,

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes :
Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'Tis the way
To call hers, exquisite, in question more.
Those happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair ;
He that is stricken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost.
Shew me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair ?
Farewell, thou canst not teach me to forget.

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and SERVANT.

Cap. And Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike ; and 'tis not hard
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reck'ning are you both,
And pity 'tis you liv'd at odds so long.
But now, my Lord, what say you to my suit ?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before :
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years ;
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made.
The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth :
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part ;
If she agree, within her scope of choice
Lyes my consent, and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old-accustom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,

Such as I love ; and you among the store,
 One more most welcome, makes my number more.
 At my poor house look to behold this night
 Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven's light.
 Such comfort as do lusty young men feel,
 When well-appareld April on the heel
 Of limping Winter treads, ev'n such delight
 Among fresh female buds shall you this night
 Inherit at my house ; hear all, all see,
 And like her most whose merit most shall be :
 Which on more view of many, mine, being one,
 May stand in number, though in reck'ning none.
 Come, go with me. Go, sirrah, trudge about
 Through fair Verona ; find those persons out
 Whose names are written there ; and to them say,
 My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt Capulet and Paris.*]

Serv. Find them out whose names are written here ?
 —It is written that the shoemaker should meddle
 with his yard, and the tailor with his last ; the fisher
 with his pencil, and the painter with his nets. But I
 am sent to find those persons whose names are here
 writ ; and can never find what names the writing per-
 son hath here writ. I must to the learned. —In good
 time——

Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO.

Ben. Tut, man ! one fire burns out another's burning,
 One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish :
 Turn giddy, and be help'd by backward turning ;
 One desperate grief cure with another's languish :
 Take thou some new infection to the eye,
 And the rank poison of the old will die.

Rom. Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what, I pray thee ?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad ?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is ;
 Shut up in prison, kept without my food,

Whip'd and tormented, and—Good-e'en, good fellow.

[To the Servant.]

Serv. God gi' good-e'en.—I pray, Sir, can you read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Serv. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book. But,
I pray,

Can you read any thing you see?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

Serv. You say honestly. Rest you merry.—

Rom. Stay, fellow, I can read.

[He reads the list.]

“Signior Martino and his wife and daughters; Count
“Anselm, and his beauteous sisters; the Lady widow
“of Vitruvio; Signior Placentio, and his lovely nieces;
“Mercutio, and his brother Valentine; mine uncle
“Capulet, and his wife and daughters; my fair niece
“Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valentio, and his cousin
“Tybalt; Lucio, and the lively Helena.”

—A fair assembly; whither shou' they come?

Serv. Up.—

Rom. Whither?

Serv. To supper, to our house.

Rom. Whose house?

Serv. My master's.

Rom. Indeed I should have asked you that before.

Serv. Now, I'll tell you without asking. My master
is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the
house of Montagues, I pray come and crush a cup of
wine. Rest you merry. [Exit,

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Supps the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st;
With all th' admired beauties of Verona.

Go thither, and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehoods, then turn tears to fires?
And these, who, often drown'd, could never die,
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars?

ACT I. ROMEO and JULIET. 17

One fairer than my love! th' all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut, tut! you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself pois'd with herself, in either eye;
But in those crystal scales let there be weigh'd
Your lady-love against some other maid,
That I will shew you shining at this feast,
And she will shew scant well that now shews best.

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendor of mine own. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Changes to Capulet's House.

Enter Lady CAPULET and NURSE.

La. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth
to me.

Nurse. Now (by my maidenhead at twelve years old)
I bade her come; what, lamb! what, lady bird!
God forbid!—where's this girl? what, Juliet!

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now, who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here, what is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter—Nurse, give leave a
while, we must talk in secret—Nurse, come back again;
I have remember'd me, thou shalt hear our counsel.
Thou shalt hear my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth (and yet, to my
teen be it spoken, I have but four) she's not fourteen:
how long is it now to Lammas-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year, come
Lammas-eve at night, shall she be fourteen. Susan
and she (God rest all Christian souls!) were of an age.

Well, Susan is with God, she was too good for me. But, as I said, on Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen; that shall she, marry, I remember it well. 'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years, and she was wean'd; I never shall forget it; of all the days in the year upon that day; for I had then laid wormwood to my dug, sitting in the sun under the dovehouse wall; my Lord and you were then at Mantua.—Nay, I da bear a brain. But, as I said, when it did taste the wormwood on the nipple of my dug, and felt it bitter; pretty fool, to see it teachy, and fall out with the dug. Shake, quoth the dovehouse—'twas no need, I trow, to bid me trudge; and since that time it is eleven years, for then she could stand alone; nay, by th' rood, she could have run, and waddled all about: for even the day before she broke her brow, and then my husband, (God be with his soul, a' was a merry man), took up the child; yea, quoth he, dost thou fall upon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit, wilt thou not, Julé? and, by my holy Dam, the pretty wretch left crying, and said, Ay. To see now how a jest will come about.—I warrant, an' I should live a thousand years I should not forget it: Wilt thou not, Julé? quoth he; and, pretty fool, it flinted, and said, Ay.

La. Cap. Enough of this, I pray thee hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes, Madam; yet I cannot chuse but laugh, to think it should leave crying, and say, Ay; and yet I warrant it had upon its brow a bump as big as a young cockrel's stone; a perillous knock, and it cried bitterly. Yea, quoth my husband, fall'st upon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age, wilt thou not, Julé? it flinted, and said, Ay.

Jul. And flint thee too, I pray thee, Nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace; I have done: God mark thee to his grace!

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd.
An' I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

ACT I. ROMEO and JULIET. 13

La. Cap. And that same marriage is the very theme
I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married?

Jul. It is an hour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An hour! were not I thine only nurse,
I'd say thou hadst suck'd wisdom from my teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger
than you

Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers. By my Count,
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus, then, in brief;
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young Lady, Lady, such a man
As all the world——Why, he's a man of wax.

La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower, in faith a very flower.

La. Cap. What say you, can you like the gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our feast;
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with Beauty's pen;
Examine ev'ry several lineament,
And see how one another lends content:
And what obscur'd in this fair volume lyes,
Find written in the margent of his eyes.
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him only lacks a cover.
The fish lives in the sea, and 'tis much pride,
For fair without the fair within to hide.
That book in many eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story:
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less! nay, bigger; women grow by men.

La. Cap. Speak briefly; can you like of Paris' love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move.
But no more deep will I indart mine eye,
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper serv'd up, you call'd, my young lady ask'd for, the nurse curs'd in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you follow straight.

La. Cap. We follow thee. Juliet, the County stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E V.

A Street before Capulet's house.

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, with five or six other Maskers, Torch-bearers, and Drums.

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse? Or shall we on without apology?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity.
We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;
Nor a without-book prologue faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance.
But let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch, I am not for this ambling.
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me; you have dancing shoes
With nimble soles; I have a soul of lead,
So flakes me to the ground I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover, borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore enpearced with his shaft,
To soar with his light feathers; and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch beyond dull woe.
Under Love's heavy burden do I sink.

Mer. And to sink in it, should you burden Love,
Too great oppression for a tender thing!

ACT I. ROMEO and JULIET. 21

Rom. Is love a tender thing? It is too rough,
Too rude, too boist'rous; and it pricks like thorn.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.
Give me a case to put my visage in;

[*Putting on his mask.*]

A visor for a visor!—what care I
What curious eye doth quote deformities?
Here are the bettle brows shall blush for me.

Ben. Come, knock and enter; and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me. Let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;
For I am proverb'd with a grandfire-phrase;
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mer. Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's own word;
If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire,
Or, save your reverence, love, wherein thou stickest
Up to thine ears: come, we burn day-light, ho.

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean, Sir, in delay.
We waste our lights in vain, like lights by day.
Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits
Five times in that ere once in our fine wits.

Rom. And we mean well in going to this mask;
But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask?

Rom. I dream'd a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well, what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Rom. —In bed asleep; while they do dream things
true.

Mer. O, then I see, Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the Fancy's midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agat-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies,
Athwart men's noses as they ly asleep:

Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs ;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web ;
The collars, of the moonshine's watry beams ;
Her whip, of cricket's bone ; the lash, of film ;
Her waggoner a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm,
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid.
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops night by night,
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love ;
On courtiers' knees, that dream of court'sies straight ;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees ;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit ;
And sometimes comes she with a tithe pig's tail,
Tickling the parson as he lyes asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice.
Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then he dreams of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep ; and then anon
Drums in his ears, at which he starts and wakes ;
And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,
That plats the manes of horses in the night,
And cakes the elf-locks in foul fluttish hairs,
Which, once entangled, much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maids ly on their backs,
That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage.
This is she——

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace ;
Thou talk'st of nothing,

Mer. True, I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing, but vain phantasy,
Which is as thin of substance as the air,
And more unconstant than the wind; who woos
Ev'n now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-drooping south.

Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us from ourselves;

Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early; for my mind misgives
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels; and expire the term
Of a despised life clos'd in my breast,
By some vile forfeit of untimely death.
But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my suit! On, lusty Gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum.

[They march about the stage, and exeunt.]

S C E N E VI.

Changes to a Hall in Capulet's house.

Enter SERVANTS, with napkins.

1 Serv. Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? He shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher!

2 Serv. When good manners shall ly all in one or two men's hands, and they unwash'd too, 'tis a foul thing.

1 Serv. Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cup-board, look to the plate; good thou, save me a piece of march-pane; and, as thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone, and Nell—Antony, and Potpan——

2 Serv. Ay, boy, ready.

1 Serv. You are look'd for, call'd for, ask'd for, and sought for, in the great chamber.

2 *Serv.* We cannot be here and there too. Cheer-ly, boys; be brisk a while, and the longer liver take all. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter all the Guests and Ladies, with the Maskers.

1 *Cap.* Welcome, Gentlemen. Ladies, that have your feet

Unplagu'd with corns, we'll have a bout with you.

Ah me, my mistresses, which of you all

Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty,

I'll swear hath corns; am I come near you now?

Welcome, all, Gentlemen; I've seen the day

That I have worn a visor, and could tell

A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,

Such as would please. 'Tis gone; 'tis gone; 'tis gone!

You're welcome, Gentlemen. Come, musicians, play.

A ball, a ball. Make room. And foot it, girls.

[Music plays, and they dance.]

More light, ye knaves, and turn the table up;

And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.

Ah, firrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.

Nay, sit; nay, sit, good cousin Capulet,

For you and I are past our dancing days:

How long is't now since last yourself and I

Were in a mask?

2 *Cap.* By'r Lady, thirty years.

1 *Cap.* What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much;

'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,

Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,

Some five-and-twenty years, and then we mask'd.

2 *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more; his son is elder, Sir: His son is thirty.

1 *Cap.* Will you tell me that?

His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, Sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright: Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,

Like a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear :
 Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear !
 So shews a snowy dove trooping with crows,
 As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
 The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
 And touching hers, make happy my rude hand.
 Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight ;
 I never saw true beauty 'till this night.

Tyb. This by his voice should be a Montague.
 Fetch me my rapier, boy. What! dares the slave
 Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,
 To fleer and scorn at our solemnity ?
 Now by the stock and honour of my kin,
 To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Cap. Why, how now, kinsman, wherefore storm
 you so?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe :
 A villain, that is hither come in spite,
 To scorn at our solemnity this night.

Cap. Young Romeo, is't ?

Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain, Romeo.

Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone ;
 He bears him like a portly gentleman :
 And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,
 To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth.
 I would not for the wealth of all this town
 Here in my house do him disparagement.
 Therefore be patient, take no note of him ;
 It is my will, the which if thou respect,
 Shew a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
 An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

Tyb. It fits when such a villain is a guest :
 I'll not endure him.

Cap. He shall be endur'd.

What, Goodman boy—I say, he shall. Go to—
 Am I the master here, or you? go to—
 You'll not endure him? God shall mend my soul,
 You'll make a mutiny among my guests?
 You will sit cock-a-hoop? You'll be the man?

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

Cap. Go to, go to,
 You are a saucy boy——is't so, indeed?——
 This trick may chance to scathe you. I know what.
 You must contrary me? Marry, 'tis time.
 Well said, my hearts:—you are a princ Cox, go:—
 Be quiet, or—More light, more light, for shame—
 I'll make you quiet—What? cheerly, my hearts.

Tyb. Patience perforce, with wilful choler meeting,
 Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
 I will withdraw; but this intrusion shall,
 Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall.

Rom. If I profane with my unworthy hand [To Jul.

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this;
 My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
 To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

Jul. Good Pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too
 much,

Which mannerly devotion shews in this;
 For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
 And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Rom. O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do:

They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

Jul. Saints do not move, yet grant for prayers' sake.

Rom. Then move not, while my prayers' effect I take:
 Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purg'd.

[Kissing her.

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that late they took.

Rom. Sin from my lips! O trespass, sweetly urg'd!
 Give me my sin again.

Jul. You kiss by th' book.

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

Rom. What is her mother? [To the nurse.

Nurse. Marry, bachelor,

Her mother is the lady of the house,
 And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous.
 I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal:
 I tell you, he that can lay hold of her,
 Shall have the chink.

Rom. Is she a Capulet?

O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

Ben. Away, be gone, the sport is at the best.

Rom. Ay, so I fear, the more is my unrest.

Cap. Nay, Gentlemen, prepare not to be gone,
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.

——Is it e'en so? why, then, I thank you all.

I thank you, honest Gentlemen, good night:

More torches here——come on, then, let's to bed.

Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late;

I'll to my rest.

[*Exeunt.*]

Jul. Come hither, nurse. What is yon gentleman?

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

Jul. What's he that now is going out of door?

Nurse. That, as I think, is young Petruchio.

Jul. What's he that follows here, that would not
dance?

Nurse. I know not.

Jul. Go, ask his name.——If he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding-bed.

Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague,
The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen, unknown; and known too late;
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse. What's this? what's this?

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd e'en now
Of one I danc'd withal. [One calls within, Juliet.

Nurse. Anon, Anon——

Come, let's away, the strangers all are gone.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter CHORUS.

Now old desire doth on his death-bed ly,
And young affection gapes to be his heir;
That fair, for which love groan'd sore, and would die,
With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair:
Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks:

But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,
 And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks.
 Being held a foe, he may not have access
 To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;
 And she, as much in love, her means much less,
 To meet her new-beloved any where:
 But Passion lends them power, Time means, to meet;
 Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet.

[Exit Chorus.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Street.

Enter ROMEO alone.

ROMEO.

CAN I go forward when my heart is here?
 Turn back, dull earth, and find thy center out.

[Exit.]

Enter BENVOLIO, with MERCUTIO.

Ben. Romeo, my Cousin Romeo.

Mer. He is wise,

And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard-wall,
 Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.

Why, Romeo! humour! madman! passion! lover!

Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,

Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied.

Cry but *Ah me!* couple but *love* and *dove*,

Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,

One nick-name to her purblind son and heir,

(Young Abraham Cupid, he that shot so true,
 When King Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid——)

He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;

The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.

I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,

By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,

By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,

ACT II. ROMEO and JULIET.

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And the demefns that there adjacent ly,
That in thy likenefs thou appear to us.

Ben. An' if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him : 'twould anger him
To raife a fpirit in his miftrefs' circle,
Of fome ftrange nature, letting it there ftand
'Till fhe had laid it, and conjur'd it down ;
That were fome fpight. My invocation is
Honeft and fair, and, in his miftrefs' name,
I conjure only but to raife up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himfelf among thefe trees,
To be comforted with the hum'rous night.
Blind is his love, and beft befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he fit under a medlar-tree,
And wifh his miftrefs were that kind of fruit
Which maids call medlars when they laugh alone.—
Romeo, good-night ; I'll to my truckle-bed,
This field bed is too cold for me to fleep.
Come, fhall we go ?

Ben. Go, then, for 'tis in vain

To feek him here that means not to be found. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Changes to Capulet's Garden.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. He jefts at fcars that never felt a wound—
But, foft ! what light thro' yonder window breaks ?
It is the Eaft, and Juliet is the fun !

[*Juliet appears above, at a window.*]

Arife, fair fun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already fick and pale with grief,
That thou, her maid, art far more fair than fhe.
Be not her maid, fince fhe is envious ;
Her veftal livery is but fick and green,
And none but fools do wear it ; caft it off—
It is my Lady ; O ! it is my love ;

O that fhe knew fhe were !——

She fpeaks, yet fhe fays nothing ; what of that ?

Her eye discourses; I will answer it——
 I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks :
 Two of the fairest stars of all the heav'n,
 Having some business, do intreat her eyes
 To twinkle in their spheres 'till they return.
 What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
 The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
 As day-light doth a lamp: her eyes in heaven
 Would through the airy region stream so bright,
 That birds would sing, and think it were not night;
 See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
 O that I were a glove upon that hand,
 That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She speaks.

Oh, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
 As glorious to this sight, being o'er my head,
 As is a winged messenger from heaven,
 Unto the white up-turned wondering eyes
 Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him;
 When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
 And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo!--wherefore art thou Romeo?
 Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
 Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
 And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this? [*Aside.*]

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy:
 Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
 What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
 Nor arm, nor face,—nor any other part.
 What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
 By any other name would smell as sweet.
 So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
 Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
 Without that title: Romeo, quit thy name;
 And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
 Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
 Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd.
 Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Act II. ROMEO and JULIET.

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Jul. What man art thou, that thus, bescreen'd in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. By a name

I know not how to tell thee who I am :

My name, dear faint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee.

Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not Romeo, and a Mountague?

Rom. Neither, fair faint, if either thee dislike.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The orchard-walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these
walls,

For stony limits cannot hold love out;
And what love can do, that dares love attempt:
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack! there lyes more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes;
And but thou love me, let them find me here;
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

Rom. By love, that first did prompt me to enquire;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot, yet wert thou as far
As that vast shore, wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou knowest the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden-blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form; fain, fain deny
What I have spoke—but farewell compliment!

Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say, *ay*;
 And I will take thy word—yet if thou swear'st,
 Thou may'st prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
 They say, Jove laughs. Oh, gentle Romeo,
 If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully;
 Or if you think I am too quickly won,
 I'll frown and be perverse, and say thee *no*,
 So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.
 In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
 And therefore thou may'st think my 'haviour light;
 But trust me, Gentleman, I'll prove more true
 Than those that have more coying to be strange.
 I should have been more strange, I must confess,
 But that thou over-heard'st, ere I was 'ware,
 My true love's passion; therefore pardon me,
 And not impute this yielding to light love,
 Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I vow,
 That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops——

Jul. O swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon,
 That monthly changes in her circled orb;
 Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;

Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
 Which is the god of my idolatry,
 And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my true heart's love——

Jul. Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,
 I have no joy of this contract to-night;
 It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden,
 Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
 Ere one can say, it lightens. Sweet, good night.
 This bud of love by summer's ripening breath
 May prove a beauteous flower, when next we meet.
 Good night, good night—as sweet repose and rest
 Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Rom. Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine,

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it :
And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it ? for what purpose,
Love ?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have ;
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep ; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
I hear some noise within. Dear Love, adieu !

[Nurse calls within.]

Anon, good nurse. Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again.

[Exit.]

Rom. O blessed, blessed night ! I am afraid,
Being in night, all this is but a dream ;
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night
indeed.

If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite ;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee, my love, throughout the world.

[Within : Madam.]

I come anon——But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee——*[Within : Madam.]* By and by,
I come——

To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief.
To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul,——

Jul. A thousand times good night. *[Exit.]*

Rom. A thousand times the worse to want thy light.
Love goes tow'rd love, as school-boys from their books,
But love from love, tow'rd school with heavy looks.

Enter JULIET again.

Jul. Hift ! Romeo, hift ! O for a faulkner's voice,
To lure this tassel gentle back again.

Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud,
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lyes,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,
With repetition of my Romeo.

Rom. It is my love that calls upon my name.
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My sweet!

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Rom. By the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail: 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here 'till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there;
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning. I would have thee gone,
And yet no further than a wanton's bird,
That lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I;

Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.

—Good night, good night. Parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night till it be morrow. [*Exit.*

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!
'Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly friar's cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Changes to a Monastery.

Enter Friar LAWRENCE with a basket.

Fri. The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,
 Check'ring the eastern clouds with streaks of light ;
 And darkness flecker'd, like a drunkard, reels
 From forth day's path, and Titan's burning wheels,
 Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,
 The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
 I must fill up this osier-cage of ours
 With baleful weeds, and precious juiced flowers.
 The earth, that's Nature's mother, is her tomb,
 What is her burying grave that is her womb ;
 And from her womb children of divers kind
 We sucking on her natural bosom find :
 Many for many virtues excellent,
 None but for some, and yet all different.
 O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
 In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities.
 Nor nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
 But to the earth some special good doth give,
 Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
 Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.
 Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
 And vice sometime by action's dignified.
 Within the infant rind of this small flower
 Poison hath residence, and medicine power ;
 For this being smelt, with that sense cheers each part,
 Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
 Two such oppos'd foes encamp them still
 In man, as well as herbs, grace and rude will :
 And where the worser is predominant,
 Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Good morrow, father !

Fri. Benedicite !

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me ?

Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,
 So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed :
 Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
 And, where care lodgeth, sleep will never ly !
 But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
 Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign ;
 Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,
 Thou art up-rouz'd by some distemp'rature ;
 Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
 Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. God pardon sin ! wast thou with Rosaline ?

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father ? no.

I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Fri. That's my good son : but where hast thou been then ?

Rom. I'll tell thee ere thou ask it me again ;
 I have been feasting with mine enemy,
 Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,
 That's by me wounded ; both our remedies
 Within thy help and holy physic lyes ;
 I bear no hatred, blessed man, for, lo,
 My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift ;
 Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Rom. I then plainly know, my heart's dear love is set
 On the fair daughter of rich Capulet ;
 As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine,
 And all combin'd, save what thou must combine
 By holy marriage : when, and where, and how
 We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
 I'll tell thee as we pass ; but this I pray,
 That thou consent to marry us this day.

Fri. Holy saint Francis, what a change is here !
 Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
 So soon forsaken ? Young men's love then lyes
 Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
 Jesu Maria ! what a deal of brine
 Hath wash'd thy fallow cheeks for Rosaline ?
 How much salt-water thrown away in waste,

To season love that of it doth not taste?
 The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
 Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears:
 Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
 Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet:
 If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
 Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline.
 And art thou chang'd? pronounce his sentence then,
Women may fall when there's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

Fri. For doating, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. Not in a grave,
 To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee chide not: she, whom I love now,
 Both grace for grace, and love for love allow:
 The other did not so.

Fri. Oh, she knew well,
 Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.
 But come, young waverer, come, and go with me;
 In one respect I'll thy assistant be:
 For this alliance may so happy prove,
 To turn your household-rancour to pure love.

Rom. O let us hence, I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Changes to the Street.

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be?
 Came he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

Mer. Why, that same pale, hard-hearted wench, that
 Torments him so, that he will, sure, run mad. [Rosaline,

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman to old Capulet,
 Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man that can write may answer a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master how he dares, being dar'd.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! stabb'd with a white wench's black eye, run through the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft; and is he a man to encounter Tybalt!

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. More than prince of cats*.—Oh, he's the courageous captain of compliments†; he fights as you sing prick'd songs, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests his minum, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist: a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause. Ah, the immortal passado, the punto reverso, the hay ||!—

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antic, lisping, affected phantasies, these new tuners of accents:—"Jesu! A very "good blade!—a very tall man!—a very good whore!"—Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandfire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez-moys's* ‡, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their *bon's*, their *bôn's* **!

* *Tybalt*, the name given to the cat in the story-book of *Reynard the Fox*. Warburton.

† A complete master of all the laws of ceremony, the principal man in the doctrine of punctilio. Warburton.

|| All the terms of the modern fencing-school were originally Italian, the rapier, or small thrusting sword being first used in Italy. The *hay* is the word *hai*, you have it, used when a thrust reaches the antagonist; from which our fencers, on the same occasion, without knowing, I suppose, any reason for it, cry out. *ha!* Johnf.

‡ *Pardonnez-moi* became the language of doubt or hesitation among men of the sword, when the point of honour was grown so delicate, that no other mode of contradiction would be endured. Johnson.

** That is, how ridiculous they make themselves in crying out *good!* and being in ecstasies with every trifle, as he has just described them before. *Ibid.*

Enter ROMEO.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo !

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring. O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified ! Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in : Laura to his lady was but a kitchen-wench ; marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her ; Dido a dowdy, Cleopatra a gipsy, Helen and Hero hildings and harlots ; Thisbe a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior Romeo, *bonjour* ; there is a French salutation to your French sloop. You gave us the *contrefait* fairly last night.

Rom. Good-morrow to you both. What countrefeit did I give you ?

Mer. The slip, Sir, the slip : can you not conceive ?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great, and, in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning to curt'sy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower——

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why then is my pump well-flower'd.

Mer. Sure wit——follow me this jest, now, till thou hast worn out thy pump, that when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.

Rom. O single-sol'd jest,
Solely singular for the singleness !

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio, my wit faints.

Rom. Switch and spurs,
Switch and spurs, or—I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wild-goose chase, I am done : for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits, than, I am sure, I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the goose ?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for any thing, when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting,
It is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well serv'd into a sweet goose?

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheverel, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad.

Rom. I stretch it out for that word broad, which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

Mer. Why, is not this better than groaning for love? Now thou art sociable; now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art, as well as by nature; for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs tolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O thou art deceived, I would have made it short; for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupy the argument no longer.

Enter NURSE and PETER her man.

Rom. Here's goodly geer: a fail! a fail!

Mer. Two, two, a shirt and a smock.

Nurse. Peter ———

Peter. Anon?

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Mer. Do, good Peter, to hide her face: for her fan's the fairer of the two.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you: for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you?

Act II. ROMEO and JULIET.

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Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made, himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said. For himself to mar, quotha? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo.

Rom. I can tell you. But young Romeo will be older when you have found him than he was when you fought him. I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well?

Very well took, i' faith, wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, Sir,
I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd. So ho!—

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, Sir, unless a hare, Sir, in a lenter pye, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

An old hair hoar, and an old hare hoar, is very good meat in Lent;

But a hare that is hoar is too much for a score, when it hoars ere it be spent.

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady:

Farewell, lady, lady, lady. [Exeunt Mer. Ben.]

Nurse. I pray you, Sir, what faucy merchant was this that was so full of his ropery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An' a speak any thing against me, I'll take him down an' he were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks: and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave. I am none of his flirt-gills: I am none of his skains mates. And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

[To her man.]

Pet. I saw no man use you at his pleasure: if I had,

my weapon should have quickly been out, I warrant you. I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vext that every part about me quavers. Scurvy knave! Pray you, Sir, a word: and, as I told you, my young lady bid me enquire you out; what she bid me say, I will keep to myself. But first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say, for the gentlewoman is young; and therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee——

Nurse. Good heart, and, i'faith, I will tell her as much. Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? Thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, Sir, that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentleman-like offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift this afternoon:

And there she shall, at Friar Lawrence' cell,
Be shriv'd and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, Sir, not a penny.

Rom. Go to, I say, you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, Sir? Well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall:
Within this hour my man shall be with thee,
And bring the cords, made like a tackled stair,
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewell, be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains.

Nurse. Now, God in heav'n bless thee! hark you, Sir.

Rom. What sayest thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? did you ne'er hear say,
Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, Sir, my mistress is the sweetest lady :
Lord, Lord ! when 'twas a little prattling thing—O,—
there is a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain
lay knife aboard ; but she, good soul, had as lieve see
a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her some-
times, and tell her, that Paris is the properer man ;
but I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale
as any clout in the varshal world. Doth not Rosemary
and Romeo begin both with a letter ?

Rom. Ay, nurse, what of that ? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker ! that's the dog's name. R is for
thee. No ; I know it begins with another letter ; and
she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rose-
mary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady— [Exit Romeo.

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times. Peter——

Peter. Anon ?

Nurse. Take my fan, and go before me. [Exeunt.

S C E N E V.

Changes to Capulet's House.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse :
In half an hour she promis'd to return.
Perchance she cannot meet him—That's not so—
Oh, she is lame : love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun-beams,
Driving back shadows over low'ring hills :
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey ; and from nine till twelve—
Is three long hours—and yet she is not come.
Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
She'd be as swift in motion as a ball ;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me ;
But old folks, marry, feign as they were dead,
Unwieldy, slow, heavy, and pale as lead.

Enter NURSE with PETER.

O God! she comes. O honey nurse, what news?
Hast thou met with him? send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. *[Exit Peter.]*

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse——

O Lord, why look'st thou sad?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily:
If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news,
By playing 't to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am a weary, let me rest a while;

Ey, how my bones ake! what a jaunt have I had!

Jul. I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news!
Nay, come. I pray thee, speak—Good, good nurse, speak.

Nurse. Jesu! what haste? Can you not stay a while?
Do you not see that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me, that thou art out of breath?

The excuse that thou dost make in this delay,
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.

Is thy news good or bad? answer to that;

Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:

Let me be satisfied. Is't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you
know not how to chuse a man: Romeo! no, not he;
though his face be better than any man's, yet his legs
excel all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a bo-
dy, though they be not to be talk'd on, yet they are
past compare. He is not the flower of courtesy, but,
I warrant him, as gentle as a lamb.—Go thy ways,
wench, serve God.—What, have you din'd at home?

Jul. No, no. But all this did I know before;
What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurse. Lord, how my head akes! what a head have I?
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.

My back, o'th'other side.—O my back, my back:

Beshrew your heart for sending me about

To catch my death with jaunting up and down.

Jul. I'faith I'm sorry that thou art so ill.

Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me what says my love?

Act II. ROMEO and JULIET.

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Nurse. Your love says like an honest gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous,—where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother?—why, she is within;
Where should she be? how oddly thou reply'st!

Your love says like an honest gentleman:—

Where is your mother?—

Nurse. O God's lady dear,
Are you so hot? marry come up, I trow,
Is this the poultice for my aking bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here's such a coil! Come, what says Romeo?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to Friar Lawrence's cell,
There stays a husband to make you a wife.

Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,

They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.

Hie you to church: I must another way,

To fetch a ladder, by the which your love

Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark.

I am the drudge and toil in your delight,

But you shall bear the burden soon at night.

Go. I'll to dinner, hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune.——Honest nurse, fare-
well.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Changes to the Monastery.

Enter Friar LAWRENCE and ROMEO.

Fri. So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, Amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail th' exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring Death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,
 And in their triumph die ; like fire and powder,
 Which, as they meet, consume. The sweetest honey
 Is loathsome in its own deliciousness,
 And in the taste confounds the appetite ;
 Therefore love moderately, long love doth so.
 Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady. O, so light a foot
 Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint :
 A lover may bestride the gossamer
 That idles in the wanton summer air,
 And yet not fall ; so light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Jul. As much to him, else are his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah ! Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
 Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
 To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
 This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
 Unfold th' imagin'd happiness that both
 Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
 Brags of his substance, not of ornament :
 They are but beggars that can count their worth ;
 But my true love is grown to such excess,
 I cannot sum up one half of my wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make short
 work ;

For by your leaves you shall not stay alone,
 'Till holy church incorpor'ate two in one. [*Exeunt*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Street.

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, and Servants.

BENVOLIO.

I PRAY thee, good Mercutio, let's retire;
The day is hot *, the Capulets abroad;
And if we meet we shall not 'scape a brawl;
For now these hot days is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows, that, when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword upon the table, and says, *God send me no need of thee!* and by the operation of the second cup, draws it on the drawer, when, indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy, and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an' there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more or a hair less in his beard than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes; what eye but such an eye would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling. Thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another for tying his new shoes with old ribband? and yet thou wilt tutor me for quarrelling!

† It is to be observed, that in Italy almost all assassinations are committed during the heat of summer. *Johnson.*

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Ben. If I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple? O simple!

Enter TYBALT, PETRUCHIO, and others.

Ben. By my head here comes the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them.
Gentlemen, good-den, a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? couple it with something, make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough for that, Sir, if you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo —

Mer. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? if thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords. Here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. Come, consort!

[Laying his hand on his sword.]

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men;
Either withdraw into some private place,
Or reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;
I will not budge for no man's pleasure. I —

Enter ROMEO.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, Sir! here comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, Sir, if he wear your livery: Marry, go first to field, he'll be your follower; Your worship in that sense may call him man.

Tyb. Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford
No better term than this, thou art a villain —

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee,
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting. Villain I am none,
Therefore farewell. I see thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me, therefore turn and draw.

Rom. I do protest I never injur'd thee,
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
'Till thou shalt know the reason of my love.
And so, good Capulet, whose name I tender
As dearly as I love my own, be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
Ah! *la Stoccata* carries it away.

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing but one of your
nine lives, that I mean to make bold withal; and as
you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the
eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher
by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about your ears
ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you.

[*Drawing.*

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, Sir, your passado.

[*Mercutio and Tybalt fight.*

Rom. Draw, Benvolio,—beat down their weapons—
Gentlemen—for shame, forbear this outrage—

Tybalt—Mercutio—the Prince expressly hath
Forbidden bandying in Verona streets.

Hold, Tybalt—good Mercutio.

[*Exit Tybalt.*

Mer. I am hurt——

A plague on both the houses! I am sped.

Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.
Where is my page? go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

Rom. Courage, man. The hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a
church-door, but 'tis enough, 'twill serve. Ask for me
to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am
pepper'd, I warrant, for this world. A plague on both
your houses! what, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to
scratch a man to death? a braggart, a rogue, a villain,

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that fights by the book of arithmetic? why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint. A plague o' both your houses!
They have made worms' meat of me.
I have it, and soundly too. Plague o' your houses!

[*Exeunt* Mercutio and Benvolio.]

S C E N E II.

Rom. This gentleman, the Prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander; Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my cousin. O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper soften'd Valour's steel.

Enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead!
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days does depend,
This but begins the woe others must end.

Enter TYBALT.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Rom. Alive? in triumph? and Mercutio slain?
Away to Heav'n, respective lenity,
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!
Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again
That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company;
Or thou or I, or both, must go with him.

Tyb. Thou wretched boy, that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

[*They fight, Tybalt falls.*]

Ben. Romeo, away. Begone :
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain——
Stand not amaz'd. The Prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken. Hence. Begone. Away.
Rom. Oh ! I am Fortune's fool.
Ben. Why dost thou stay ? [Exit Romeo,

S C E N E III.

Enter CITIZENS.

Cit. Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio ?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he ?
Ben. There lyes that Tybalt.
Cit. Up, Sir. Go with me.
I charge thee in the Prince's name, obey.
Enter PRINCE, MONTAGUE, CAPULET, their Wives, &c.
Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray ?
Ben. O noble Prince, I can discover all
Th' unlucky manage of this fatal brawl.
There lyes the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.
La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin ! O my brother's child !—
Prince, O—cousin—husband—O—the blood is spill'd
Of my dear kinsman. Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours shed blood of Montague.
O! cousin, cousin.

Prin. Benvolio, who began this fray ?
Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay,
Romeo, that spoke him fair, bid him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
Your high displeasure ; all this uttered
With gentle breath, calm looks, knees humbly bow'd,
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt, deaf to peace ; but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast ;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends

It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
 Retorts it. Romeo he cries aloud,
 Hold, friends! friends part! and, swifter than his tongue
 His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
 And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
 An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
 Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled;
 But by and by comes back to Romeo,
 Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
 And to't they go like lightning; for ere I
 Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain;
 And as he fell did Romeo turn to fly.
 This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montagues;
 Affection makes him false, he speaks not true.
 Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
 And all those twenty could but kill one life.
 I beg for justice, which thou, Prince, must give;
 Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;
 Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

La. Mon. Not Romeo, Prince, he was Mercutio's
 friend;
 His fault concludes but what the law should end,
 The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And for that offence,
 Immediately we do exile him hence:
 I have an interest in your hearts' proceeding,
 My blood for your rude brawls doth ly a bleeding;
 But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
 That you shall all lament the loss of mine.
 I will be deaf to pleading and excuses,
 Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase our abuses;
 Therefore use none; let Romeo hence in haste,
 Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
 Bear hence his body, and attend our will:
 Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Changes to an Apartment in Capulet's house.

Enter JULIET alone.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Tow'rs Phoebus' mansion ; such a waggoner
As Phaeton, would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That run-aways eyes may wink *, and Romeo
Leap to these arms untalk'd of and unseen.
Lovers can see to do their am'rous rites
By their own beauties ; or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenheads.
Hood my unman'd blood †, baiting in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle ; 'till strange love, grown bold,
Thinks true love acted, simple modesty.
Come, night ; come, Romeo ! come, thou day in night !
For thou wilt ly upon the wings of night,
Whiter than snow upon a raven's back :
Come, gentle night ; come, loving, black-brow'd night !
Give me my Romeo, and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world shall be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the gairish sun.
O. I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it ; and though I am sold,

* I think it not improbable that the Poet wrote,
That Rumour's eyes may wink. Revival.

† These are all terms of falconry. An *unmanned hawk*, is one that is not brought to endure company. Baiting, or, as it is more properly written, *bating*, is fluttering with the wings as striving to fly away. That hawks are hooded in order to reclaim them, is, I suppose, universally known. See Chambers's Dictionary, under the word *Hawking*. Ibid.

Not yet enjoy'd ; so tedious is this day,
 As is the night before some festival,
 To an impatient child that hath new robes,
 And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse!

Enter NURSE with cords.

And she brings news ; and every tongue that speaks
 But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence.
 Now, nurse, what news ? what hast thou there ?
 The cords that Romeo bid thee fetch ?

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords.

Jul. Ah me, what news ?

Why dost thou wring thy hands ?

Nurse. Ah, welladay, he's dead, he's dead, he's dead !
 We are undone, Lady, we are undone. —
 Alack the day ! he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead.

Jul. Can Heaven be so envious ?

Nurse. Romeo can,

Though Heav'n cannot. O Romeo ! Romeo !

Who ever would have thought it, Romeo ?

Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus ?
 This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
 Hath Romeo slain himself ? say thou but, I ;
 And that bare vowel, I, shall poison more
 Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,
 (God save the mark), here on his manly breast.
 A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse ;
 Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawb'd in blood,
 All in gore blood. I swooned at the sight.

Jul. O break, my heart ! — poor bankrupt, break
 at once !

To prison, eyes ! ne'er look on liberty ;
 Vile earth to earth resign, end motion here,
 And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier !

Nurse. O Tybalt, O Tybalt, the best friend I had !
 O courteous Tybalt, honest gentleman,
 That ever I should live to see thee dead !

Jul. What storm is this, that blows so contrary !
 Is Romeo slaughter'd ? and is Tybalt dead ?

My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer Lord?
Then let the trumpet sound the general doom;
For who is living, if those two are gone?

Nurse. Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banished,
Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished.

Jul. O God! did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

Nurse. It did, it did. Alas the day! it did.

Jul. O serpent-heart, hid with a flow'ring face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant, fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven! wolfish rav'ning lamb!
Despised substance, of divinest show!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
A damned faint, an honourable villain!
O Nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?
Was ever book, containing such vile matter,
So fairly bound? O that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd;
All, all forsworn; all naught; and all dissemblers.
Ah, where's my man? Give me some *aqua vita*—
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old!
Shame come to Romeo!

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
O, what a beast was I to chide him so!

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your
cousin?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah, poor my Lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I, thy three hours wife, have mangled it!
But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband.

Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring ;
 Your tributary drops belong to woe,
 Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
 My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain ;
 And Tybalt's dead, that would have kill'd my husband ;
 All this is comfort ; wherefore weep I then ?
 Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,
 That murder'd me ; I would forget it fain ;
 But, oh ! it presses to my memory,
 Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds.
Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banished !
 That *banished*, that one word *banished*,
 Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death-
 Was woe enough, if it had ended here ;
 Or if our woe delights in fellowship,
 And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,
 Why follow'd not, when she said *Tybalt's dead*,
 Thy father or thy mother, nay, or both ?
 Which modern lamentation might have mov'd :
 But with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,
Romeo is banished—to speak that word,
 Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
 All slain, all dead !—*Romeo is banished !*
 There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
 In that word's death : no words can that woe sound.
 Where is my father, and my mother, nurse ?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse.
 Will you go to them ? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears ? mine shall
 be spent,

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.

Take up those cords ;—poor ropes, you are beguil'd,
 Both you and I, for Romeo is exil'd.

He made you for a highway to my bed ;

But I, a maid, die maiden widowed.

Come, cord ; come, nurse ; I'll to my wedding-bed ;
 And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead !

Nurse. Hie to your chamber ; I'll find Romeo
 To comfort you : I wot well where he is.

Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night.

I'll to him; he is hid at Lawrence's cell.

Jul. Oh find him, give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come, to take his last farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Changes to the Monastery.

Enter Friar LAWRENCE and ROMEO.

Fri. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful
man.

Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the Prince's doom?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such foul company.
I bring thee tidings of the Prince's doom.

Rom. What less than doomsday is the Prince's doom?

Fri. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips;
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha, banishment! be merciful, say death;
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death. Do not say banishment.

Fri. Here from Verona art thou banished.
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona's walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.

Hence banished, is banish'd from the world;
And world-exil'd, is death. That banished
Is death mis-term'd; calling death banishment,
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,
And finish'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind Prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word, death, to banishment.
This is dear mercy, and thou see'st it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture and not mercy. Heav'n is here,
 Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog
 And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
 Lives here in heaven, and may look on her;
 But Romeo may not. More validity,
 More honourable state, more courtship lives
 In carrion flies than Romeo: they may seize
 On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
 And steal immortal blessings from her lips;
 Which ev'n in pure and vestal modesty
 Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;
 This may flies do, when I from this must fly:
 And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?
 But Romeo may not;—he is banished.
 Hadst thou no poison mixt, no sharp ground knife,
 No sudden mean of death, tho' ne'er so mean,
 But banished to kill me? banished?
 O Friar, the damned use that word in hell;
 Howlings attend it: how hast thou the heart,
 Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
 A sin-absolver, and my friend profess,
 To mangle me with that word, banishment?

Fri. Fond madman, hear me speak.—

Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word,
 Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
 To comfort thee, tho' thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished? hang up philosophy:
 Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
 Displant a town, reverse a Prince's doom,
 It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more——

Fri. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men have
 no eyes?

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feel:
 Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
 An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
 Doating like me, and like me banished;
 Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy hair,

And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave,

[Throwing himself upon the ground.]

Fri. Arise, one knocks. Good Romeo, hide thyself.

[Knocking within.]

Rom. Not I, unless the breath of heart-sick groans,
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes. *[Knock.]*

Fri. Hark, how they knock!—(who's there?)—

Romeo, arise.

Thou wilt be taken—(stay a while)—stand up:

[Knocks.]

Run to my study—(By and by)—God's will!

What wilfulness is this?—I come, I come. *[Knock.]*

Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?

Nurse within.] Let me come in, and you shall know
my errand;

I come from Lady Juliet.

Fri. Welcome then.

Enter NURSE.

Nurse. O holy Friar, oh, tell me, holy Friar,
Where is my Lady's Lord? where's Romeo?

Fri. There, on the ground, with his own tears made
drunk.

Nurse. O he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case; O woeful sympathy!
Piteous predicament! ev'n so lyes she,
Blubb'ring and weeping, weeping and blubbering.

Stand up, stand up:—stand, an' you be a man:

For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand.

Why should you fall into so deep an—

Rom. Oh, Nurse!—

Nurse. Ah Sir! ah Sir!—Death is the end of all.

Rom. Speak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her?

Doth not she think me an old murderer,

Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy

With blood, remov'd but little from her own?

Where is she? and how does she? and what says

My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

Nurse. O, she says nothing, Sir; but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed, and then starts up;
And Tybalt cries, and then on Romeo calls,
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her, as that name's curst hand
Murder'd her kinsman.—Tell me, Friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. [*Drawing his sword.*]

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand.
Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art.
Thy tears are womanish, thy wild acts denote
Th' unreasonable fury of a beast.
Unseemly woman in a seeming man!
And ill-beseeming beast in seeming both!
Thou hast amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady, that in thy life lives,
By doing damned hate upon thyself?
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heav'n, and earth,
Since birth, and heav'n, and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst lose?
Fy, fy! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit,
Which, like an usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed,
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valour of a man;
Thy dear love sworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish;
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask,
Is set on fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.
What! rouse thee, man, thy Juliet is alive,

For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead :
 There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill thee,
 But thou slew'st Tybalt ; there thou'rt happy too.
 The law, that threatned death, became thy friend,
 And turn'd it to exile ; there art thou happy :
 A pack of blessings light upon thy back,
 Happiness courts thee in her best array ;
 But, like a misbehav'd and sullen wench,
 Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love.
 Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
 Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
 Ascend her chamber ; hence, and comfort her :
 But look thou stay not 'till the watch be set ;
 For then thou canst not pass to Mantua,
 Where thou shalt live, 'till we can find a time
 To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
 Beg pardon of thy Prince, and call thee back
 With twenty hundred thousand times more joy,
 Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.
 Go before, Nurse. Commend me to thy Lady,
 And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
 Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto.
 Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord, I could have staid here all night
 long,

To hear good counsel. Oh, what learning is !
 My Lord, I'll tell my Lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, Sir, a ring she bid me give you, Sir :
 Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this !

Fri. Go hence. Good night. And here stands all
 your state ;

Either begone before the watch be set,
 Or by the break of day, disguis'd from hence.
 Sojourn in Mantua : I'll find out your man,
 And he shall signify from time to time
 Every good hap to you that chances here.

Give me thy hand. 'Tis late. Farewell. Good night.

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Rom. But that a joy, past joy, calls out on me,
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Changes to Capulet's House.

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and PARIS.

Cap. Things have fallen out, Sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter.
Look you, the lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I.—Well, we were born to die.—
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night.
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of woe afford no time to woo.
Madam, good night. Commend me to your daughter.

La. Cap. I will; and know her mind early to-morrow;
To-night she's mew'd up to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love. I think she will be rul'd
In all respects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to-bed;
Acquaint her here with my son Paris' love,
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next,—
But, soft; what day is this?

Par. Monday, my Lord.

Cap. Monday? Ha! ha! well, Wednesday is too soon,

On Thursday let it be. O' Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble Earl.

—Will you be ready? Do you like this haste?

We'll keep no great ado—a friend or two—

For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much;

Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there's an end. But what say you to Thursday?

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Par. My Lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone—on Thursday be it then.
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed; [To Lady Cap.
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.
Farewell, my Lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!
'Fore me!—It is so late, that we may call
It early by and by. Good night. [Exeunt.

S C E N E VII.

Juliet's Chamber, looking to the garden.

Enter ROMEO and JULIET above at a window; a ladder of ropes set.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day;
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale. Look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east;
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountains' tops.
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it well;
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua;
Then stay a while, thou shalt not go so soon.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death,
I am content, if thou wilt have it so.
I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heav'ns so high above our heads.
I have more care to stay than will to go.

Come death, and welcome; Juliet wills it so.

How is't, my soul? let's talk, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is; hie hence, be gone, away.

It is the lark that sings so out of tune,

Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.

Some say the lark makes sweet division;

This doth not so; for she divideth us.

Some say the lark and loathed toad chang'd eyes;

O now I would they had chang'd voices too!

Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,

Hunting thee up with huntup to the day.

O now be gone, more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light?—More dark and dark
our woes.

Enter NURSE.

Nurse. Madam——

Jul. Nurse?

Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber:
The day is broke, be wary, look about. [*Exit Nurse.*]

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell; one kiss, and I'll descend.

[*Romeo descends.*]

Jul. Art thou gone so? Love! Lord! ah, Husband!
Friend!

I must hear from thee ev'ry day in th' hour,

For in a minute there are many days.

O, by this count I shall be much in years,

Ere I again behold my Romeo.

Rom. Farewell; I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining soul.

Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,

As one dead, in the bottom of a tomb:

Either my eye-sight fails, or thou look'st pale.

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Rom. And trust me, love, in mine eye so do you :
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu.

[Exit Romeo.]

S C E N E VIII.

Jul. Oh Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle :
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith ? Be fickle, Fortune :
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. Ho, daughter, are you up ?

Jul. Who is't that calls ? Is it my lady mother ?
Is she not down so late, or up so early ?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither ?

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet ?

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death ?
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears ?
An' if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live ;
Therefore have done. Some grief shews much of love,
But much of grief shews still some want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the
friend

Which you do weep for.

Jul. Feeling so the loss,
I cannot chuse but ever weep the friend.

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his
death,

As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

Jul. What villain, Madam ?

La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.

Jul. aside.] Villain and he are many miles asunder.
God pardon him ! I do with all my heart.
And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

La. Cap. That is, because the traitor lives.

Jul. Ay, Madam, from the reach of these my hands—
 'Would none but I might 'venge my cousin's death!

La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou
 not.

Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,
 Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,
 Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram,
 That he shall soon keep Tybalt company.
 And then I hope thou wilt be satisfy'd.

Jul. Indeed I never shall be satisfied
 With Romeo, till I behold him, dead——
 Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vext?
 Madam, if you could find out but a man
 To bear a poison, I would temper it,
 That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
 Soon sleep in quiet.—O how my heart abhors
 To hear him nam'd,—and cannot come to him——
 To wreak the love I bore my slaughter'd cousin,
 Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him.

La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find such a
 man.

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needful time.
 What are they, I beseech your Ladyship?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child,
 One, who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
 Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
 That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is this?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,
 The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
 The County Paris, at St Peter's church,
 Shall happily make thee a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by St Peter's church and Peter too,
 He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
 I wonder at this haste, that I must wed
 Ere he, that must be husband, comes to woo.
 I pray you, tell my lord and father, Madam,
 I will not marry yet; and when I do,

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It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris.—These are news indeed!

La. Cap. Here comes your father, tell him so yourself,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET and NURSE.

Cap. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;
But for the sunset of my brother's son,
It rains downright.——

How now? a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?
Evermore show'ring? in one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind;
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds thy sighs,
Which, raging with thy tears, and they with them,
Without a sudden calm will overset
Thy tempest-tossed body.—How now, wife?
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

La. Cap. Ay, Sir; but she will none; she gives you
thanks.

I would the fool were married to her grave!

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How, will she none? Doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud, doth she not count her blest'd,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud you have; but thankful that you
have:

Proud can I never be of what I hate,
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. How now! how now! Chop logic? What is
this?

Proud! and I thank you! and I thank you not!
And yet not proud!—Why, Mistress Minion, you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no pouds,
But settle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to St Peter's church,

Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

Out, you green-sickness carrion ! Out, you baggage !
You tallow-face !

La. Cap. Fy, fy, what, are you mad ?

Jul. Good-father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience, but to speak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage ! disobedient wretch !
I tell thee what, get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face.

Speak not, reply not, do not answer me.

My fingers itch. Wife, we scarce thought us blest'd
That God hath sent us but this only child ;

But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her :

Out on her, hilding !——

Nurse. God in heaven blest her !

You are to blame, my Lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why ? my Lady Wisdom, hold your tongue ;
Good Prudence, smatter with your gossips ; go.

Nurse. I speak no treason—O god-ye-good-den——
May not one speak ?

Cap. Peace, peace, you mumbling fool ;
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,
For here we need it not.

La. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. God's bread ! it makes me mad : day, night,
late, early,

At home, abroad, alone, in company,
Waking or sleeping, still my care hath been
To have her match'd : and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demesns, youthful, and nobly allied,
Stuff'd, as they say, with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man :
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To answer, I'll not wed,—I cannot love,——
I am too young,—I pray you pardon me.——
But if you will not wed, I'll pardon you :

Graze where you will, you shall not house with me ;
 Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.
 Thursday is near ; lay hand on heart, advise :
 If you be mine, I'll give you to my friend ;
 If you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the streets ;
 For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
 Nor what is mine shall never do thee good.
 Trust to't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn. [Exit.

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
 That sees into the bottom of my grief ?
 O, sweet my mother, cast me not away,
 Delay this marriage for a month, a week ;
 Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
 In that dun monument where Tybalt lyes.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word :
 Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [Exit.

Jul. O God !——O Nurse, how shall this be prevented ?

My husband is on earth, my faith in heav'n ;
 How shall that faith return again to earth,
 Unless that husband send it me from heav'n,
 By leaving earth ?——Comfort me, counsel me.
 Alack, alack, that Heav'n should practise stratagems
 Upon so soft a subject as myself !
 What say'st thou ? hast thou not a word of joy ?
 Some comfort, Nurse.——

Nurse. Faith, here it is:

Romeo is banish'd: all the world to nothing,
 That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you ;
 Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
 Then, since the case so stands, as now it doth,
 I think it best you married with the Count.
 Oh, he's a lovely gentleman !
 Romeo's a dish-clout to him ; an eagle, Madam,
 Hath not so keen, so quick, so fair an eye
 As Paris hath. Bestrew my very heart,
 I think you happy in this second match,
 For it excels your first ; or if it did not,
 Your first is dead ; or 'twere as good he were,
 As living here, and you no use of him.

Jul. Speak'st thou from thy heart?

Nurse. And from my soul too,
Or else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen.

Nurse. What?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much;
Go in, and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to Lawrence's cell,
To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done. *[Exit.]*

Jul. Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my Lord with that same tongue
Which she hath prais'd him with beyond compare,
So many thousand times? Go, counsellor,
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain:
I'll to the Friar to know his remedy;
If all else fail, myself have power to die. *[Exit.]*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Monastery.

Enter Friar LAWRENCE and PARIS.

FRIAR.

ON Thursday, Sir? The time is very short.

Par. My father Capulet will have it so,
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.

Fri. You say you do not know the lady's mind:
Uneven is this course, I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death;
And therefore have I little talk'd of love,
For Venus smiles not in the house of tears.
Now, Sir, her father counts it dangerous,
That she should give her sorrow so much sway:
And, in his wisdom, hastens our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears;

Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society.

Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.

[*Aside.*

Look, Sir, here comes the lady tow'rds my cell.

Enter JULIET.

Par. Welcome, my love, my lady, and my wife!

Jul. That may be, Sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be, must be, love, on Thursday next.

Jul. What must be, shall be.

Fri. That's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this father?

Jul. To answer that were to confess to you.

Par. Do not deny to him that you love me.

Jul. I will confess to you that I love him.

Par. So will ye, I am sure, that you love me.

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back than to your face.

Par. Poor soul! thy face is much abus'd with tears.

Jul. The tears have got small victory by that;
For it was bad enough before their sight.

Par. Thou wrong'st it more than tears with that report.

Jul. That is no slander, Sir, which is but truth;
And what I speak, I speak it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.

Are you at leisure, holy father, now,
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.
My Lord, I must entreat the time alone.

Par. God shield I should disturb devotion.
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you;
'Till then, adieu! and keep this holy kiss. [*Exit Paris.*

Jul. Go, shut the door, and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me, past hope, past cure, past help.

Fri. O Juliet, I already know thy grief,

It strains me past the compass of my wits.

I hear you must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this County.

Jul. Tell me not, Friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it.
If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's; thou our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both.
Therefore out of thy long-experienc'd time,
Give me some present counsel, or behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire; arbitrating that,
Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Be not so long to speak; I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. Hold, daughter, I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution,
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry County Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
Then it is likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That cop'st with Death himself, to 'scape from it;
And if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tow'r;
Or chain me to some sleepy mountain's top,
Where roaring bears and savage lions roam;
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeking stinks, and yellow chapless skulls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
Things, that to hear them nam'd have made me tremble,

And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. Hold then, go home, be merry, give consent
To marry Paris; Wednesday is to-morrow;
To-morrow night look that thou ly alone,
Let not thy nurse ly with thee in thy chamber:
Take thou this phial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off,
When presently through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drousy humour, which shall seize
Each vital spirit; for no pulse shall keep
His nat'ral progress, but surcease to beat;
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes; thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
Each part, depriv'd of supple government,
Shall stiff, and stark, and cold appear, like death:
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake, as from a pleasant sleep.
Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there thou art dead;
Then, 'as the manner of our country is,
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,
Be born to burial in thy kindred's grave:
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the Capulets ly.
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,
And hither shall he come; and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua;
And this shall free thee from this present shame,
If no unconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, O give me. Tell me not of fear.

[*Taking the phial.*]

Fri. Hold, get you gone. Be strong and prosperous

In this resolve; I'll send a frair with speed
To Mantua, with letters to thy Lord.

Ful. Love, give me strength, and strength shall help
afford.

Farewell, dear father! —

S C E N E II.

Changes to Capulet's House.

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, NURSE, and two
or three Servants.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

Serv. You shall have none ill, Sir, for I'll try if they
can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so?

Serv. Marry, Sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick
his own fingers; therefore he that cannot lick his fin-
gers, goes not with me.

Cap. Go, be gone.

We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.

—What, is my daughter gone to Friar Lawrence?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her:
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter JULIET.

Nurse. See, where she comes from shrift with mer-
ry look.

Cap. How now, my head-strong? where have you
been gadding?

Ful. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you and your behests; and am enjoin'd
By holy Lawrence to fall prostrate here, [*She kneels.*
And beg your pardon. Pardon, I beseech you!
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the County; go, tell him of this;
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Ful. I met the youthful lord at Lawrence's cell,

And gave him what becoming love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I'm glad on't; this is well, stand up;
This is as't should be.—Let me see the County:
Ay, marry—Go, I say, and fetch him hither.
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Ful. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

La. Cap. No, not 'till Thursday, there is time enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her. We'll to church to-morrow.
[*Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.*]

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision;
'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush, I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife.
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her,
I'll not to bed to-night. Let me alone;
I'll play the housewife for this once.—What, ho!
They are all forth; well, I will walk myself
To County Paris, to prepare him up
Against to-morrow. My heart's wondrous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

S C E N E III.

Changes to Juliet's Chamber.

Enter JULIET and NURSE.

Ful. Ay, those attires are best. But, gentle nurse,
I pray thee leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the Heav'ns to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross, and full of sin.

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What, are you busy? do you need my help?

Ful. No, Madam, we have cull'd such necessities
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow.
So please you, let me now be left alone,

And let the nurse this night sit up with you ;
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Good night,

Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need. [*Exeunt.*]

Jul. Farewell.—God knows when we shall meet
again !

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life.

I'll call them back again to comfort me.

Nurse !—What should she do here ?

My dismal scene I must needs act alone :

Come, phial—what if this mixture do not work at all ?

Shall I of force be married to the Count ?

No, no, this shall forbid it. Ly thou there—

[*Laying down a dagger.*]

—What if it be poison, which the Friar

Subtly hath ministred, to have me dead,

Left in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,

Because he married me before to Romeo ?

I fear it is ; and yet, methinks, it should not,

For he hath still been tried a holy man.

—How, if, when I am laid into the tomb,

I wake before the time that Romeo

Comes to redeem me ? there's a fearful point !

Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,

To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,

And there be strangled ere my Romeo comes ?

Or, if I live, is it not very like,

The horrible conceit of death and night,

Together with the terror of the place,

As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,

Where, for these many hundred years, the bones

Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd ;

Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,

Lyes festring in his shroud ; where, as they say,

At some hours in the night spirits resort ;

Alas, alas ! is it not like that I,

So early waking, what with loathsome smells,

And shrieks, like mandrakes torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad :
Or, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Invironed with all these hideous fears,
And madly play with my forefathers' joints,
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud ?
And in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desp'rate brains ?
O look ! methinks I see my Cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point. Stay, Tybalt, stay !
Romeo, I come ! this do I drink to thee.

[She throws herself on the bed.]

S C E N E IV.

Changes to Capulet's Hall.

Enter Lady CAPULET and NURSE.

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices,
Nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir, the second cock hath crow'd,
The curfeu bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock :
Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica.
Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, go, you cot-quean, go,
Get you to-bed ; 'faith, you'll be sick to-morrow,
For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit : what, I have watch'd ere now
All night for a less cause, and ne'er been sick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your
time ;

But I will watch you from such watching now.

[Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.]

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood.
Now fellow, what's there ?

Enter three or four, with spits, and logs, and baskets.

Serv. Things for the cook, Sir, but I know not what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste. Sirrah, fetch drier logs;

Call Peter, he will shew thee where they are.

Serv. I have a head, Sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter.

Cap. 'Mafs, and well said; a merry whorson, ha!
Thou shalt be loggerhead.—Good faith, 'tis day.
The County will be here with music straight,

[Play music,

For so, he said, he would. I hear him near.

Nurse,—wife,—what, ho! what, Nurse, I say?

Enter NURSE.

Go, waken Juliet, go and trim her up,
I'll go and chat with Paris. Hie, make haste,
Make haste, the bridegroom he is come already.
Make haste, I say.

[Exeunt Capulet and Nurse, severally,

S C E N E V.

Changes to Juliet's Chamber, Juliet on a bed.

Re-enter NURSE.

Nurse. Mistress,—what, mistress? Juliet—Fast I warr-
rant her.

Why, lamb—why, Lady—Fy, you slug-a-bed——

Why, love, I say——Madam—Sweet-heart—why?
Bride——

What, not a word!—You take your pennyworths now;
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
The County Paris hath set up his rest,
That you shall rest but little——God forgive me——
Marry, and amen!——How sound is she asleep?
I must needs wake her. Madam, Madam, Madam,
Ay, let the County take you in your bed.

He'll fright you up, i' faith. Will it not be?

What, dress'd, and in your cloaths—and down again!

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79.

I must needs wake you : Lady, Lady, Lady ——

Alas ! alas ! help ! help ! my Lady's dead.

O, well-a-day, that ever I was born !

Some *aqua vitæ*. Ho ! my Lord, my Lady !

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What noise is here ?

Nurse. O lamentable day !

La. Cap. What's the matter ?

Nurse. Look, —— oh heavy day !

La. Cap. Oh me, oh me, my child, my only life !
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee ;
Help, help ! call help.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth. Her Lord is come.

Nurse. She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead. Alack the
day !

Cap. Ha ! let me see her. Out, alas ! she's cold ;
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff ;
Life and these lips have long been separated ;
Death lyes on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flow'r of all the field.
Accurs'd time ! unfortunate old man !

Nurse. O lamentable day !

La. Cap. O woeful time !

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me
wail,

Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter Friar LAWRENCE, and PARIS, with Musicians.

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church ?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return.

O son, the night before thy wedding day
Hath Death lain with thy wife. See, there she lyes,
Flow'r as she was, deflowered now by him.
Death is my son-in-law. ——

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this !

La. Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day !
Most miserable hour that time e'er saw

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In lasting labour of his pilgrimage !
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath snatch'd it from my sight.

Nurse. O woe ! oh woful, woful, woful day !
Most lamentable day ! most woful day !
That ever, ever I did yet behold.
Oh day ! oh day ! oh day ! oh hateful day !
Never was seen so black a day as this.
O woful day, oh woful day !

Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spighted, slain,
Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel, cruel thee quite overthrown :
O love, O life,—not life, but love in death !—

Cap. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd,
Uncomfortable time ! why cam'st thou now
To murder, murder our solemnity ?
O child ! Oh child ! My soul, and not my child !
Dead art thou ! dead ; alack ! my child is dead ;
And, with my child, my joys are buried.

Fri. Peace, ho, for shame ! Confusion's cure lives not
In these confusions : Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid ; now Heav'n hath all ;
And all the better is it for the maid.
Your part in her you could not keep from death ;
But Heav'n keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought, was her promotion ;
For 'twas your heaven she should be advanc'd :
And weep you now, seeing she is advanc'd,
Above the clouds, as high as heav'n himself ?
Oh, in this love you love your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well,
She's not well married that lives married long ;
But she's best married that dies married young.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse ; and, as the custom is,
And in her best array, bear her to church.
For tho' fond nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

Cap. All things that we ordained festival,

Act IV. ROMEO and JULIET.

Gr.

Turn from their office to black funeral;
Our instruments to melancholy bells,
Our wedding cheer to a sad funeral feast;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change,
Our bridal flow'rs serve for a buried corse;
And all things change them to the contrary.

Eri. Sir, go you in, and, Madam, go with him;
And go, Sir Paris; ev'ry one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave.
The Heav'ns do low'r upon you, for some ill;
Move them no more, by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt Cap. Lady Cap. Paris, and Friar.*]

S C E N E VI.

Manent MUSICIANS, and NURSE.

Mus. 'Faith, we may put up our pipes and be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up;
For, well you know, this is a pitiful case.

[*Exit Nurse.*]

Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter PETER.

Pet. Musicians, oh musicians, *heart's ease, heart's ease*:
Oh, an you will have me live, why, play *heart's ease*.

Mus. Why *heart's ease*?

Pet. O musicians, because my heart itself plays, *my heart itself is full of woe*. O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me!

Mus. Not a dump we, 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then?

Mus. No.

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.

Mus. What will you give us?

Pet. No money, on my faith, but the gleck. I will give you the minstrel.

Mus. Then will I give you the serving creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving creature's dagger

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on your pate. I will carry no crotchets. I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you, do you note me?

Mus. An' you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

2 Mus. Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit; I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger.— Answer me like men.

*When griping grief the heart doth wound,
Then music with her silver sound——*

Why *silver sound*? why *music with her silver sound*?
What say you, Simon Catling?

1 Mus. Marry, Sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pratest! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

2 Mus. I say, silver sound, because musicians sound for silver.

Pet. Pratest too! What say you, Samuel Sound-board?

3 Mus. 'Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy, you are the *finger*, I will say for you. It is music with her silver sound, because musicians have no gold for founding.

*Then music with her silver sound,
With speedy help doth lend redress.* [Exit singing.

1 Mus. What a pestilent knave is this same?

2 Mus. Hang him, Jack.—Come, we'll in here, tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

MANTUA.

Enter ROMEO.

IF I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand :
My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne,
And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with chearful thoughts.
I dream'd, my lady came and found me dead,
Strange dream ! that gives a dead man leave to think ;
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.
Ah me ! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy ?

Enter BALTHASAR.

*News from Verona—How now, Balthasar ?
Dost thou not bring me letters from the Friar ?
How doth my lady ? is my father well ?
How doth my Juliet ? That I ask again ;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Balth. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill ;
Her body sleeps in Capulet's monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you.

*O pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, Sir.

Rom. Is it even so ? then I defy you, Stars !

Thou know'st my lodging,—get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses. I will hence to-night.

Balth. Pardon me, Sir, I dare not leave you thus.
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceiv'd.

Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Hast thou no letters to me from the Friar?

Balth. No, my good Lord.

Rom. No matter. Get thee gone,
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.

[Exit Balthasar.]

Well, Juliet, I will ly with thee to-night;
Let's see for means—O Mitchief! thou art swift
To enter in the thought of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary,
And hereabouts he dwells, whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meager were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones;
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes;
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses
Were thinly scatter'd to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said,
An' if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
Oh, this same thought did but fore-run my need,
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house.
Being holyday, the beggar's shop is shut.
—What, ho! apothecary!

Enter APOTHECARY.

Apoth. Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither, man. I see that thou art poor.
Hold. There is forty ducats. Let me have
A dram of poison, such soon-speeding geer,
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead;

And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath,
As violently as hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Apoth. Such mortal drugs I have, but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression stare within thine eyes,
Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back,
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law,
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it and take this.

Apoth. My poverty, but not my will consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Apoth. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold; worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell.
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.—
Farewell, buy food, and get thee into flesh.
Come, cordial, and not poison; go with me
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Changes to the Monastery at Verona.

Enter Friar JOHN.

John. Holy Franciscan Friar! brother! ho!

Enter Friar LAWRENCE to him.

Law. This same should be the voice of Friar John.—
Welcome from Mantua; what says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

John. Going to find a barefoot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,

And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was staid.

Law. Who bore my letter then to Romeo?

John. I could not send it; here it is again;
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Law. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, but full of charge
Of dear import; and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence,
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

John. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [Exit.]

Law. Now must I to the monument alone:
Within these three hours will fair Juliet wake;
She will bestrew me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents.
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell 'till Romeo come.
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb! [Exit.]

S C E N E III.

*Changes to a Church-yard; in it, a Monument be-
longing to the Capulets.*

Enter PARIS and his PAGE, with a light.

Par. Give me thy torch, boy; hence, and stand aloof;
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yond yew-trees lay thee all along,
Laying thy ear close to the hollow ground,
So shall no foot upon the church-yard tread,
Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flow'rs. Do as I bid thee. Go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the church-yard, yet I will adventure. [*Exit.*]

Par. Sweet flow'r! with flow'rs thy bridal-bed I strew:
[*Strewing flowers.*]

Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain,
Accept this latest favour at my hand;
That living honour'd thee, and, being dead,
With fun'ral obsequies adorns thy tomb.

[*The boy whistles.*]

——The boy gives warning, something doth approach.——

What curst foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies and true love's rite?
What, with a torch? Muffle me, Night, a-while.

S C E N E IV.

Enter ROMEO and BALTHASER, with a light.

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iron;
Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my Lord and father.
Give me the light. Upon thy life, I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my lady's face;
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring, a ring that I must use
In dear employment. Therefore hence. Be gone.
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
On what I further shall intend to do,
By Heaven I will tear thee joint by joint,
And strew this hungry church-yard with thy limbs.
The time and my intents are savage, wild,
More fierce and more inexorable far
Than empty tygers, or the roaring sea.

Balth. I will be gone, Sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou shew me friendship.—Take thou that.
Live and be prosp'rous, and farewell, good fellow.

Balth. For all this fame, I'll hide me hereabout.
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.

[*Exit Balthazer,*

Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

[*Breaking up the Monument,*

And in despite I'll cram thee with more food.

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
That murder'd my love's cousin; with which grief,
It is supposed, the fair creature died,
And here is come to do some villainous shame
To the dead bodies. I will apprehend him.—
Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague;
Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee;
Obey, and go with me, for thou must die.

Rom. I must, indeed, and therefore came I hither.
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desp'rate man;
Fly hence and leave me. Think upon these gone,
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,
Pull not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury. Oh, be gone!
By Heav'n, I love thee better than myself;
For I come hither arm'd against myself.
Stay not, be gone. Live, and hereafter say,
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy commiseration,
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy.

[*They fight, Paris falls.*

Page. Oh Lord, they fight! I will go call the watch.

Par. Oh, I am slain! If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet.

[*Dies.*

Rom. In faith I will. Let me peruse this face—
Mercutio's kinsman! noble County Paris!
What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as he rode? I think
He told me, Paris should have married Juliet.

Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
 Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
 To think it was so? Oh, give me thy hand,
 One writ with me in four misfortune's book:
 I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave.
 A grave? O, no; a lanthorn, slaughter'd youth;
 For here lyes Juliet; and her beauty makes
 This vault a feasting presence full of light.
 Death, ly thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

[*Laying Paris in the monument.*]

How oft, when men are at the point of death,
 Have they been merry? which their keepers call
 A lightning before death. O, how may I
 Call this a lightning!—Oh, my love, my wife!
 Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
 Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty,
 Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
 Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
 And Death's pale flag is not advanced there.
 Tybalt, ly't thou there in thy bloody sheet?
 Oh, what more favour can I do to thee,
 Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,
 To sunder his that was thine enemy?
 Forgive me, cousin.—Ah, dear Juliet,
 Why art thou yet to fair? shall I believe
 That unsubstantial death is amorous,
 And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
 Thee here in dark, to be his paramour?
 For fear of that, I still will stay with thee;
 And never from this palace of dim night
 Depart again: here, here will I remain,
 With worms that are thy chambermaids; oh here
 Will I set up my everlasting rest;
 And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
 From this world-weary'd flesh. Eyes, look your last!
 Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, oh you
 The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss,
 A dateless bargain to engrossing death.
 Come, bitter conduct! come unlay'ry guide!
 Thou desp'rate pilot, now at once run on

The dashing rocks my sea-sick, weary bark.

Here's to my love! Oh, true apothecary!

[Drinks the poison.]

Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die. *[Dies.]*

Enter Friar LAWRENCE, with lanthorn, crow and spade.

Fri. St Francis be my speed! how oft to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves?—who's there?

Enter BALTHASER.

Balth. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you
well.

Fri. Bliss be upon you! tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond, that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyless sculls? as I discern,
It burneth in the Capulet's monument.

Balth. It doth so, holy Sir,—and there's my master,
One that you love.

Fri. Who is it?

Balth. Romeo.

Fri. How long hath he been there?

Balth. Full half an hour.

Fri. Go with me to the vault.

Balth. I dare not, Sir.

My master knows not but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.

Fri. Stay then, I'll go alone. Fear comes upon me;
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

Balth. As I did sleep under this yew tree here,
I dream'd my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.

Fri. Romeo!

Alack, alack, what blood is this which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?
What mean these masterless and goary swords,
To ly discolour'd by this place of peace?
Romeo? oh pale! who else? what, Paris too?
And sleep'd in blood? ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance?
The lady stirs.

Jul. awaking.] Oh comfortable Friar, where is my Lord?

I do remember well where I should be:
And where I am. Where is my Romeo?

Fri. I hear some noise! Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep;
A greater power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away;
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead,
And Paris too.—Come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming.
Come, go, good Juliet. I dare no longer stay. [*Exit.*]

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.
What's here? a cup clos'd in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end.
Oh churl, drink all, and leave no friendly drop
To help me after? I will kiss thy lips;
Haply some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative.
Thy lips are warm.

Enter BOY and WATCH.

Watch. Lead, boy. Which way?

Jul. Yea, noise?

Then I'll be brief. O happy dagger!

[*Finding a dagger.*]

This is thy sheath, there rust, and let me die.

[*Kills herself.*]

Boy. This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.

Watch. The ground is bloody. Search about the church-yard;

Go, some of you, whom-e'er you find, attach.
Pitiful sight! here lies the County slain,
And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days buried.
Go tell the Prince. Run to the Capulets;
Raise up the Montagues. Some others, search—
We see the ground whereon these woes do lie:

But the true ground of all these piteous woes
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter some of the WATCH, with BALTHASER.

2 Watch. Here's Romeo's man; we found him in the church-yard.

1 Watch. Hold him in safety 'till the Prince comes hither.

Enter another WATCHMAN, with Friar LAWRENCE.

3 Watch. Here is a friar that trembles, sighs and weeps.
We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this church-yard side.

2 Watch. A great suspicion. Stay the friar too.

S C E N E V.

Enter the PRINCE and Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

Enter CAPULET and Lady CAPULET.

Cap. What should it be that they so shriek abroad?

La. Cap. The people in the street cry, Romeo;
Some, Juliet; and some, Paris; and all run
With open out-cry tow'rd our monument.

Prince. What fear is this which startles in our ears?

Watch. Sovereign, here lyes the county Paris slain,
And Romeo dead, and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek and know how this foul murder comes.

Watch. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man,
With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men's tombs.

Cap. Oh, Heaven! oh, wife! look how our daughter
bleeds.

This dagger hath mista'en; for, lo! the sheath
Lyes empty on the back of Montague,
The point mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom;

La. Cap. Oh me, this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE.

Prince. Come, Montague, for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir now early down.

Mon. Alas, my Liege, my wife is dead to-night;
Grief of my son's exile hath stop'd her breath.
What further woe conspires against my age?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. Oh, thou untaught! what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
'Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent;
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you ev'n to death. Mean-time forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.
—Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder;
And here I stand both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned, and myself excus'd.

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

Fri. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.

Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet,
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:
I married them, and their stol'n marriage-day
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pined.
You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce
To County Paris. Then comes she to me,
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means
To rid her from this second marriage;
Or, in my cell, there would she kill herself.

Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
 A sleeping potion, which so took effect
 As I intended; for it wrought on her
 The form of death. Mean time I wrote to Romeo,
 That he would hither come, as this dire night,
 To help to take her from her borrowed grave,
 Being the time the potion's force should cease.
 But he which bore my letter, Friar John,
 Was stay'd by accident; and yesternight
 Return'd my letter back: then all alone,
 At the prefixed hour of her awaking,
 Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;
 Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
 'Till I conveniently could send to Romeo.
 But when I came (some minute ere the time
 Of her awaking) here untimely lay
 The noble Paris, and true Romeo dead.
 She wakes, and I intreated her come forth,
 And bear this work of Heav'n with patience:
 But then a noise did scare me from the tomb,
 And she, too desp'rate, would not go with me:
 But, as it seems, did violence on herself.
 All this I know, and to the marriage
 Her nurse is privy: but if aught in this
 Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
 Be sacrific'd some hour before the time,
 Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man.
 Where's Romeo's man? what can he say to this?

Balth. I brought my master news of Juliet's death,
 And then in post he came from Mantua
 To this same place, to this same monument.
 This letter he early bid me give his father,
 And threatned me with death, going to the vault,
 If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it.
 Where is the County's page, that rais'd the watch?
 —Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave;

And bid me stand aloof, and so I did :
Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb,
And, by and by, my master drew on him ;
And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the Friar's words,
Their course of love, the tidings of her death :
And here he writes, that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and ly with Juliet.
Where be these enemies ? Capulet ! Montague !
See what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That Heav'n finds means to kill your joys with love !
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen. All are punished !

Cap. O brother Montague, give me thy hand,
This is my daughter's jointure ; for no more
Can I demand.

Mon. But I will give thee more,
For I will raise her statue in pure gold ;
That, while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at that rate be set,
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his lady ly ;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity !

Prince. A gloomy peace this morning with it brings,
The sun for sorrow will not shew his head :
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things ;
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished.
For never was a story of more woe,
Than this of Juliet, and her Romeo. [*Exeunt omnes* *.

* This play is one of the most pleasing of our Author's performances. The scenes are busy and various, the incidents numerous and important, the catastrophe irresistibly affecting, and the process of the action carried on with such probability, at least with such congruity to popular opinions, as tragedy requires.

Here is one of the few attempts of Shakespeare to exhibit the conversation of gentlemen, to represent the airy sprightliness of juvenile elegance. Mr Dryden mentions a tradition, which might easily reach his time, of a declaration

made by Shakespeare, that "he was obliged to kill Mercutio in the third act, lest he should have been killed by him." Yet he thinks him "no such formidable person, but that he might have lived through the play, and died in his bed," without danger to a poet. Dryden well knew, had he been in quest of truth, that, in a pointed sentence, more regard is commonly had to the words than the thought, and that it is very seldom to be rigorously understood. Mercutio's wit, gaiety and courage, will always procure him friends that wish him a longer life; but his death is not precipitated, he has lived out the time allotted him in the construction of the play; nor do I doubt the ability of Shakespeare to have continued his existence, though some of his fallies are perhaps out of the reach of Dryden; whose genius was not very fertile of merriment, nor ductile to humour, but acute, argumentative, comprehensive and sublime.

The nurse is one of the characters in which the Author delighted; he has, with great subtilty of distinction, drawn her at once loquacious and secret, obsequious and insolent, trusty and dishonest.

His comic scenes are happily wrought, but his pathetic strains are always polluted with some unexpected depravations. His persons, however distressed, *have a conceit left them in their misery, a miserable conceit.* Johnson.

END OF ROMEO AND JULIET.

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